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THE DAILY INTELLIGENCER,
PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING,
BY STEINMAN & HENSEL,
Intelligencer Building, Southwest Corner of
Centre Square.

THE DAILY INTELLIGENCER is furnished to
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Daily Stage Lines at Ten Cents Per Week,
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B. E. MARTIN,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of
LUMBER AND COAL.
227 Yard, No. 42 North Water and Prince
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COAL! - - - COAL!!
-GO TO-
GORRECHT & CO.,
For Good and Cheap Coal, Yard-Harrisburg
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F. W. CORRECHT, Agt.
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Coal of the Best Quality put up expressly
for family use, and at the low-
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TRY A SAMPLE TON.
227 Yard-150 North Water St.
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FAMILY COAL UNDER COVER.
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Flour, Bald Hay and Feed of all kinds.
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350 NORTH WATER ST., Lancaster, Pa.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
LUMBER AND COAL.
Also, Contractors and Builders.
Estimates made and contracts undertaken
on all kinds of buildings.
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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.
G. SENER & SONS.
Will continue to sell only
GENUINE LYKENS VALLEY
and WILKESBARRE COALS
which are the best in the market, and sell as
LOW as the LOWEST, and not only GUAR-
ANTEED FULL WEIGHT, but also to WEIGH
ON ANY scale in good order.
Also Rough and Dressed Lumber, Sash
Doors, Blinds, &c., at Lowest Market Prices.
Office and yard northeast corner Prince and
Walnut streets, Lancaster, Pa. Jan-14-lyd

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.
VALENTINES! VALENTINES!
A GREAT VARIETY,
-AT-
L. M. FLYNN'S
BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE,
No. 32 WEST KING STREET.

1880. 1880.
VALENTINES!
A CHOICE STOCK OF
MARCUS WARD & CO'S
Valentines and Valentine
CARDS.
Unsurpassed in variety of design and beauty
FOR SALE AT BOOK STORE OF
JOHN BAER'S SONS,
15 and 17 NORTH QUEEN STREET,
LANCASTER, PA.

FOUNDERS AND MACHINISTS.
LANCASTER
BOILER MANUFACTORY,
SHOP ON PLUM STREET,
OPPOSITE THE LOCOMOTIVE WORKS.
The subscriber continues to manufacture
BOILERS AND STEAM ENGINES,
For Tanning and other purposes;
Furnace Tilers,
Bellows Pipers,
Sheet-iron Work, and
Blacksmithing generally.
627-Jobbing promptly attended to.
aug18-lyd JOHN BEST.

INSURANCE
THE OLD
GIRARD
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF PHILADELPHIA.
ASSETS: One Million One Hundred
and Thirty-one Thousand Eight
Hundred and Thirty-eight Dollars,
\$1,311,838.
All invested in the best securities. Losses
promptly paid. For policies call on
H. F. KAUFMAN,
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ROBES, BLANKETS, &c.
SIGN OF THE BUFFALO HEAD.
ROBES! ROBES!!
BLANKETS! BLANKETS!!
I have now on hand the LARGEST, BEST and
CHEAPEST ASSORTMENT of Lined and Unlined
BUFFALO ROBES in the city. Also LAY
and HORSE BLANKETS of every descrip-
tion. A full line of
Trunks and Satchels,
Harness, Whips, Collars, &c.
44-Repairs neatly and promptly done. 62
A. MILEY,
108 North Queen St., Lancaster.
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**COOK'S COUGH SYRUP CURES CON-
SUMPTION.**

CLOTHING.
NEW GOODS
-FOR-
FALL & WINTER.
We are now prepared to show the public one
of the largest stocks of
READYMADE CLOTHING
ever exhibited in the city of Lancaster. Good
Exquisite Suits for men \$50.00. Good Styles
Cashmere Suits for men \$25.00. Our All Wool
Men's Suits that we are selling for \$20.00 are as
good as you can buy elsewhere for \$12.00. Our
stock of Overcoats are immense. All grades
and every variety of styles and colors, for
men, boys and youths, all our own manufac-
ture. Full line of Men's, Youths' and Boys'
Overcoats.

CUSTOM DEPARTMENT!
We are prepared to show one of the best
stocks of Piece Goods to select from and have
made to order ever shown in the city. They
are all arranged on tables fitted up expressly
so that every piece can be examined before
making a selection. All our goods have been
purchased before the rise in wools. We are
prepared to make up in good style and at short
notice and at bottom prices. We make to order
an All Wool Suit for \$12.00. By buying
your goods at

MYERS & RATHFON.
Centre Hall, No. 12 East King Street.

1880. FEBRUARY. 1880.
The GREAT REDUCTION in Prices con-
tinued until

MARCH
to close out a Large and Splendid Line of

HEAVY WEIGHTS,
to make room for our

SPRING GOODS.
Over 500 PANTALON PATTERNS of the
Leading Styles, in

English, French and American Novelties,
At a Reduction of 25 per cent.

Scotch, English and Amer-
ican Suitings

AT CORRESPONDINGLY LOW PRICES.
A Lot of Choice Styles in

OVERCOATINGS,
at a Great Sacrifice. All are invited to secure
these Great Bargains. Our prices are all
marked on Plain Cards as low as consistent
with first-class work.

J. K. SMALING,
ARTIST TAILOR,
121 North Queen Street.
mar-14-lyd & W

CENTRE HALL,
24 CENTRE SQUARE.
Closing out our

WINTER STOCK
-AT-
Greatly Reduced Prices,
In order to make room for the

Large Spring Stock,
Which we are now manufacturing.

Overcoats,
Suits and Suitings,
To be sold at the Lowest Prices.

D. B. Hostetter & Son,
24 CENTRE SQUARE.
25-lyd LANCASTER, PA.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
CIRCUMSTANCES WILL NOT PERMIT
TO ADVERTISE A

REDUCTION IN PRICES,
but we will do the next thing to it, viz:
We will call the attention of our friends and
customers to the fact that we have on hand a
very Large Stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,
purchased before the late ADVANCE, which
we will sell at

Strictly Old Prices.
Give us a call.

A. ADLER,
43 WEST KING STREET

CLOTHING.
H. GERHART,
TAILOR,
Having just returned from New York with a
large and

CHOICE STOCK
-OF-
English and Domestic Wools
FOR MEN'S WEAR,
Would respectfully announce to his customers
and the public that he will have his regular

FALL OPENING
-OF-
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 29th.
LARGEST ASSORTMENT,
LATEST STYLES

AND PRICES AS LOW AS ANY HOUSE IN
THIS CITY AT

H. GERHART'S,
No. 51 North Queen Street.

SPECIAL NOTICE.
66. 68.

D. Gansman & Bro.

GRAND CLOSING SALE!
OF
OVERCOATS AND HEAVY SUITINGS.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS
to buyers of Clothing in order to make room
for a large SPRING STOCK now being manu-
factured, and we are needing room. We offer
wide and stylish

Clothing for Men and Boys
-AT-
LOWER PRICES
than ever heard of before, although Goods are
going up every day. We will sell, for we must
have the room.

Look at Our Astonishingly Low Price
List:
OVERCOATS: OVERCOATS: OVERCOATS:
for \$2.50, for \$3.50, for \$5.00, for \$7.50,
OVERCOATS: OVERCOATS: OVERCOATS:
for \$7.50, for \$10.00, for \$12.50,
OVERCOATS: OVERCOATS: OVERCOATS:
for \$12.50, \$15.00 and \$20.00.
These are heavy-lined Overcoats, carefully
made and splendidly trimmed.

OVERCOATS: OVERCOATS: OVERCOATS:
for \$7.50, for \$10.00, for \$12.50,
OVERCOATS: OVERCOATS: OVERCOATS:
for \$12.50, for \$15.00, for \$20.00.
These are Plain-Belt Overcoats, equal to
custom work.

HEAVY, MEN'S SUITS:
for \$5.00, \$10.00, \$15.00, \$20.00, \$25.00,
MEN'S SUITS FOR FINE DRESS:
for \$10.00, \$15.00, \$20.00, \$25.00 and \$30.00,
BOYS' SUITS AND OVERCOATS:
BOYS' SUITS from \$2.50 to \$10.00.
BOYS' OVERCOATS VERY LOW.

We sell only our own make and guarantee
satisfaction.
Money returned on all goods not found as
represented.
*Please call, whether you wish to purchase
or not.

CUSTOM DEPARTMENT
Is stocked with the latest styles, which we
make to measure at the lowest cash prices and
guarantee a perfect fit.

SUITS TO ORDER from \$12 upwards.
PANTS TO ORDER from \$3.50 upwards.

D. GANSMAN & BRO.,
MERCHANT TAILORS AND CLOTHIERS,
66 & 68 NORTH QUEEN ST.,
S. W. Corner of Orange, Lancaster, Pa.
(Bausman's Corner).

FURNITURE.
A SPECIAL INVITATION TO ALL.
To examine my stock of Parlor Suits, Cham-
ber Suits, Patent Rockers, Easy Chairs, Italian
Rockers, Hat Racks, Marble Top Tables, Ex-
tension Tables, Sideboards, Hair, Hunk, Wire
and Common Mattresses, Book Cases, Ward
robes, Escriptors, Upholstered Canes and Wood
Sent. Chairs, Cupboards, Sinks, Doughtrays,
Breakfast Tables, Dining Tables, &c., always
on hand, at prices that are acknowledged to be
as cheap as the cheapest.

Upholstering in ALL ITS BRANCHES.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY AND
NEATLY DONE.
Picture Frames on hand and made to order.
Regliding done at Reasonable Rates at the

New Picture Frame and Furniture Store,
15 1/2 EAST KING STREET,
(Over Bursk's Grocery and Sprecher's Slate
Store).

WALTER A. HEINITSH,
(Schneider's Old Stand),
TINWARE, &c.

**CALL ON SCHRETZER, HUMPHREVILLE
& KIEFFER, manufacturers of**
TIN AND SHEET-IRON WORK,
and dealers in GAS FIXTURES AND HOUSE
FURNISHING GOODS. Special attention given
to PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM FITTING
No. 40 East King Street, Lancaster, Pa.

Lancaster Intelligencer.
FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 13, 1880.
Byron and Shelley.

REMINISCENCES OF TRELAWNY.
An Interesting Interview with the Agent
Trelawny—Stories of Byron and Shelley—
Characteristics of the Great Poets—The
Burning of the Body of Shelley—A
Veil, &c.

A writer in the London *Waterloo Review*
says: To see Mr. Trelawny and hear him
talk is to be transported back, as if by
magic, half a century or so, to that thrill-
ing period when Shelley and Byron, those
revolutionary Discontent of English poetry,
passed the last years of their brief lives
self-exiled in Italy. As he sits smoking in
his chair, or paces up and down the room,
the grand old man, who has been so long
before Europe as to have become histori-
cal, still shows traces in his fine features
which justify the assertion that he, Lord
Byron and Count d'Orsay, were considered
the three handsomest men of their time.
Then, as he begins talking to you in a
voice that seems bursting from some deep
cavern, his prodigious memory and singu-
lar power of expression make the pres-
ent. But it is not in the past alone that
he lives. Nothing is too new, bold and
daring for him in modern philosophic
speculation; he delights in the latest dis-
coveries of science, holds that woman
should receive the same education as man
and enjoy the same social advantages, and
considers Darwin the most eminent man of
his age.

He will begin speaking quite abruptly,
as if only continuing some previous
train of thought. "What," he growled,
"is all that rubbish that Symonds writes
about Shelley being too beautiful to
paint? Too beautiful to paint, indeed!
When he was quite young he might have
been so, but he was not a child or a young
girl, but he had no manly beauty. He
was narrow chested and stooped like a
scholar. You could see that he had been
bending over books. He had the smallest
head of any man I ever knew; Byron's
came next. His eyes were slightly promi-
nent and there was hardly any of the
white visible. To see him in a crowd was
like seeing a stag in the midst of a herd
of deer. The deer has a timid way of look-
ing on the ground, but the stag walks with
lifted head and shining eyes. His eyes
were like two stars. Now, Byron was
handsome. The upper part of his figure
was nobly proportioned, and his throat
was like a column. He had most beautiful
eyes, well set in his head, like a cat's,
cat's, changing continually in color; now
brown, now golden, then green, full of
ever-varying expression.

"What do you think of your genius re-
spectively?"
Shelley had the divine madness which
alone makes a man write great poetry.
But he appealed to the intellect, while By-
ron's poetry appealed to the passions of
mankind. All men have passions; there-
fore they understand him. But Shelley
was a metaphysician, and a philosopher.
A poet whom people shunned in his day. No
one read his writings; and when I went to
one of his poems from Ollier, his pub-
lisher, he pretended not to have a copy,
being informed that it was Shelley's
friend, he fetched it from a secret drawer.
This was the universal feeling concerning
him. No one understood him—not Hogg
—not Peacock; and the former, though he
often called him a divine poet, did not
understand him, and, "on the contrary,"
he thought it all nonsense, and was
laughing in his sleeves when he used such
expressions.

"But what was the bond between them,
then?"
Why, they were both excellent
students of the Greek poets, and greatly
influenced by them, especially in his later
years. No one who is ignorant of the
classics can thoroughly appreciate him.
What is partly the reason why Shelley
understands him so well, he has written
better things concerning him than anyone
else. But he, too, has some of the divine
madness. Nothing great can ever be done
without it. Here is another man who was
also full of it.

Mr. Trelawny was pacing up and down
the room while uttering these sentences in
his deep, leonine voice. He now brought
me a portrait of John Brown, the Ameri-
can martyr, of whom he spoke with a
kindling eye.

"Do you know what was his answer to
the rebels when they threatened to hang
him? 'Do,' said he, 'I wish for nothing
better, for then my name will become a
flag for the North to rally round.' Enthu-
siasm and fanaticism are men that move
the world. There is Blake, now; I con-
sider him a true poet also; what he writes
is full of inspiration."

"Was Shelley's voice really as loud
and piercing as is generally asserted?"
"Of course the Shelley biographers
must go on repeating Hogg's assertion
about the harsh shrillness of the poet's
tones. No doubt he was habitually hoarse
in this climate. You always find
that Italians lose their voice on coming to
England, while that of the English gets
sweeter in Italy. Shelley's voice was soft
and pleasant—at any rate when I knew him."

"Did Shelley ever shut himself up to
write?"
"Shut himself up?" shouted Mr. Tre-
lawny, indignantly. "Never! He wrote
his poems in the open air; on the sea-
shore; in the pine woods; and, like a
shepherd, he could tell the time of day
exactly by the light. He never shut
himself up. And I think Byron never did;
but if the latter had one, he never wore it."

"Which of all Byron's works do you
yourself prefer?"
"Child Harold." He at one time
intended introducing me either into that
poem or into "Don Juan"; he did not
know which. His intention was to have
written a fifth canto of "Child Harold,"
the scene of which was to be laid at Na-
ples. But he said he must see Naples be-
fore writing about it; he could not write
about things he had not seen.

"Soutley, on his return from a tour in
Italy, was asked by a friend whether he
considered Shelley or Byron at the head of
the Italian school. Soutley, pointing to
his feet, said, 'The devil makes his own
Mr. Trelawny chuckled satirically, and
he repeated the joke at intervals, as if he
enjoyed it."

"That accounts, I suppose, for the au-
thor of 'The Vision of Judgment,' im-
prisoning poor Soutley in the pillory of his
impracticable satire?"
"Yes. Moore, who used to sugar over
his spite and malice with the diamond-
dust of wit, lost no time in repeating the
saying to his noble friend."

"Mr. Trelawny informed me that Ger-
ome, the French artist, had begun a pic-
ture of the burning of Shelley's body. The
idea evidently gratified him. He referred
to it repeatedly, picturing the scene,
which apparently increased in vividness
as he described it, till I, too, seemed to
see with him the long sweep of sand, the
smoothly rippling waters of the bay, the
long dark line of the pine forest skirting
the shore.

"Gerome," he said, "ought to intro-
duce the pines in his picture. They are

characteristic of Shelley and of the place.
Their tall, straight stems, forty feet high,
rose at equal distances one from the other,
and although the sun never penetrated
between their interlacing boughs, it
would cast a red light on the trunks be-
low."

"I wish Mr. Gerome could hear your
description; someone ought certainly to
send these details to him."
I will send a letter to Rossetti; he can
communicate with the artist if he thinks
proper. Byron and myself were the only
persons on the spot besides three coast-
guards. Leigh Hunt remained in his car-
riage on the edge of the pine forest.
Italian peasant-folk had also come to
witness the spectacle, but, with hereditary
good breeding, did not press near, and
remained patiently watching in their car-
riage and other vehicles. As I was pour-
ing the incense—wine and oil—upon the
flames, I muttered, half to myself, 'I restore
to nature, through fire, the elements of
which this man was composed—earth, air
and water; everything is changed but not
annihilated. He is now a portion of that
which he worshipped—' I continued
for some time in this vein, when I sud-
denly felt Byron clasp my arm and the
shoulder. "Why, Trelawny," he said, "I
knew you were a pagan, but not that you
were a pagan priest! You do it very
well."

From the obsequies of Shelley it was but
natural to revert to the death scene of
Lord Byron. He had a curious fancy in
his last illness to count the number of
boots in the room; he persisted in saying
that he could only count three boots.

"This," Mr. Trelawny remarked, "was a
sign of the extraordinary activity of
Byron's intellect. For he had read in some
German author, not long before, that in-
cipient madness showed itself by an inca-
pacity of counting correctly; and now in
his delirium the statement was evidently
preying on his mind, and he was trying ex-
periments on himself."

"If Lord Byron had lived, what is your
opinion would have been the end of his
Greek expedition?"
Mr. Trelawny did not tell me all this
consequently. He comes and goes, and
he walks out of the house even
before we are aware of his intentions.
The last time I saw him was at his place at
Somerset, on the South Downs. His own
particular sitting room had the windows one
considerably of a ship's cabin; it is very
plainly furnished, without curtains, and
the wall paper brilliantly colored like a
child's picture book, has small square de-
signs of different nations engaged in char-
acteristic occupations. In the morning I
heard this wonderful old man, now aged
88, singing as he rose. He always
takes a kind of air-bath before dress-
ing, draws his own water, and chops
up his own wood. His breakfasts off
cold water, bread and fruit, which
he eats standing, on the principle
that after lying in bed people should not
sit down again. The crumbs on his table
he scatters on the window-sill for the
birds, being very fond of the animals generally.
He is extremely abstemious, taking only
one solid meal a day, and, like his beloved
Shelley, he prefers a diet consisting of
vegetables, milk and fruit, to meat. His
astonishing health and strength ought cer-
tainly to make many experts to his mode
of living. He has invented a regular sys-
tem of hygiene for himself, one of his the-
ories being that you should never take hot
food or drink. He goes out every day,
no matter how inclement the weather
may be, and of late years, when he
has chiefly lived at Somerset, he strolls
to a duck-pond and feeds the ducks. It
has also been reported to me that, although
he professes to scout children utterly, he
has a sneaking fondness for them, and if
unobserved, will walk with a young child
clinging to his hand, and regale it with
"Turkish Delight," a favorite sweetmeat
of his own. Winter and summer he wears
the same costume—no under-clothing and
no extra outer-clothing. He generally has
a book on his head, which he also wears in
preference to a hat out of doors. His air
and appearance are singularly commanding.
He is tall (six feet) but stoops slightly.
Under his bulging, fiercely con-
tracted brows, his blue-gray, deep-set eyes
look out with an unrelenting keenness of
vision; his nose is curved like a hawk's;
his mouth, grimly resolute, still shows the
mark of the ball which fractured his jaw
when he was nearly assassinated in Greece
by a ruffian fellow-countryman. The
whole character and bearing of the man
seem, indeed, like a reversion of the stern
old type of the Norse Viking or sea pirate;
a sea-king perchance charmed into hu-
manity and gentleness by the spiritual
beauty of Shelley's genius.

Age of the Human Race.
Prof. Paige Predicts a Freeze of Sixteen
Thousand Years.

In a lecture the other evening at Lake
View, Ill., Prof. Paige developed, among
many strong theories, the rapidly-growing
belief that the great ice period that ground
the rocks into soil has been attributed to a
time too remote in the earth's history.
He said it had been the quite universally
accepted opinion that ice caps were
formed by a climate rendered cold by
reason of changed cosmic relations. It
was known that the eccentricity of the
earth's path around the sun was subject,
at long periods, to considerable change,
resulting in carrying the earth out from
the sun some fifteen millions of miles
farther at times than now. The earth's
distant apheion, together with changed con-
ditions attributable to the procession
of the equinox, was believed to have
produced the great periods of ice in the
past.

From this standpoint of reckoning, Clif-
ford claims that man has been on earth
2,000,000 years. The professor said he be-
lieved the modern tendency of thought
was in favor of a different view. During
the winter, in our northern hemisphere,
we were 2,500,000 miles nearer to the sun
than in summer. This helps to equalize
our climate, rendering the winters much
more mild, and the summer's heat far less
than it would be if the conditions were re-
versed. In the southern hemisphere the
exact reverse state of conditions exists.
They are nearer the sun in summer and
farther off in winter.

They have cold winters and hot sum-
mers of ice over that of the North
Pole. The vast accumulation of ice at
the South Pole attracts the waters of the
ocean, changing the equilibrium of the
earth's centre, moving the equator to
the south, drawing off the waters of the
North Pole toward South Pole. This
accounts for the clearly noticeable sub-
sidence of waters in the north, and for the
fact that there is but little dry land in the
southern hemisphere.

If the ages of ice can be charged up to
these causes, a glacial period is approach-

ing in the southern hemisphere, and will
be at its greatest height in about 5,500
years. The last period of ice in the north-
ern hemisphere is also of equally recent
date, occurring probably about 6,000 years
ago. The lecturer was of an opinion that,
if these recent views proved correct, there
would be a recurrence of the ice period in
about 16,000 years in the northern hemi-
sphere. This view would also shorten the
time of man's existence on the globe. It
was probably safe to say that man had not
existed more than fifty or a hundred
thousand years.

The Colonel's Experiment.
How His Quiet Little Game of Enchere with
His Wife Resulted.

Detroit Free Press.
There are some folks who think it awful
wicked for husband and wife to sit down
together of an evening and play cards,
while others can't see where the harm
comes in.

"Why," said the colonel, a few days
ago when the subject of card-playing was
under discussion, "does any one pretend
that my wife and I can't play a few games
of enchere without disputing and argu-
ing and getting mad over it? Loaders can't
perhaps, but we could play for a thousand
years and never have a word—yes we
could."

The others shook their heads in a dubi-
ous way, and the nettled colonel walked
straight to a stationer's and bought the
nicest pack he could find. That evening
when his wife was ready to sit down to her
fancy work he produced the cards and
said:

"May, I was told to-day that you and I
couldn't play cards without getting into a
row. Darling, draw up here."

"Dearest we will not have a word of
dispute—not one," she replied, as she put
away her work.

The colonel shuffled away and dealt and
turned up a heart.

"I order it up," she observed, as she
looked over her cards.

"I was going to take it up, anyhow,"
growled the colonel, as his chin fell, all his
other cards being black.

"Play to that," she said, as she put down
the joker.

"Who ever heard of anybody leading
out in trumps?" he exclaimed. "Why
don't you lead out with an ace?"

"O, I can play this hand."

"Well, I'll make it the
sickest play you ever saw! Ha, took all
the tricks, eh? Well, I thought I'd en-
courage you a little. Give me the cards—
it's my deal."

"Mr. Trelawny did not tell me all this
consequently. He comes and goes, and
he walks out of the house even
before we are aware of his intentions.
The last time I saw him was at his place at
Somerset, on the South Downs. His own
particular sitting room had the windows one
considerably of a ship's cabin; it is very
plainly furnished, without curtains, and
the wall paper brilliantly colored like a
child's picture book, has small square de-
signs of different nations engaged in char-
acteristic occupations. In the morning I
heard this wonderful old man, now aged
88, singing as he rose. He always
takes a kind of air-bath before dress-
ing, draws his own water, and chops
up his own wood. His breakfasts off
cold water, bread and fruit, which
he eats standing, on the principle
that after lying in bed people should not
sit down again. The crumbs on his table
he scatters on the window-sill for the
birds, being very fond of the animals generally.
He is extremely abstemious, taking only
one solid meal a day, and, like his beloved
Shelley, he prefers a diet consisting of
vegetables, milk and fruit, to meat. His
astonishing health and strength ought cer-
tainly to make many experts to his mode
of living. He has invented a regular sys-
tem of hygiene for himself, one of his the-
ories being that you should never take hot
food or drink. He goes out every day,
no matter how inclement the weather
may be, and of late years, when he
has chiefly lived at Somerset, he strolls
to a duck-pond and feeds the ducks. It
has also been reported to me that, although
he professes to scout children utterly, he
has a sneaking fondness for them, and if
unobserved, will walk with a young child
clinging to his hand, and regale it with
"Turkish Delight," a favorite sweetmeat
of his own. Winter and summer he wears
the same costume—no under-clothing and
no extra outer-clothing. He generally has
a book on his head, which he also wears in
preference to a hat out of doors. His air
and appearance are singularly commanding.
He is tall (six feet) but stoops slightly.
Under his bulging, fiercely con-
tracted brows, his blue-gray, deep-set eyes
look out with an unrelenting keenness of
vision; his nose is curved like a hawk's;
his mouth, grimly resolute, still shows the
mark of the ball which fractured his jaw
when he was nearly assassinated in Greece
by a ruffian fellow-countryman. The
whole character and bearing of the man
seem, indeed, like a reversion of the stern
old type of the Norse Viking or sea pirate;
a sea-king perchance charmed into hu-
manity and gentleness by the spiritual
beauty of Shelley's genius.

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